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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE FURTHERANCE OF

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

VOL. I.

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NO. I.

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An organization established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

The title of the organization shall be UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, or THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.

This organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature.

The principal purpose of this organization is to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The subsidiary purpose of this organization is to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man.

This BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

Organizations throughout the world adopting its Constitution become integral parts of the BROTHERHOOD upon receipt of official notification of their acceptance of such. These organizations to be subject to whatever condition the authority of this BROTHERHOOD may impose.

The Central Office of the Brotherhood is situated in America.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

And now the time oncometh, when a perfect peace shall lie, shadowless, golden, on the hearts of men.—COBERT.

The light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it. Arise then, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for evermore.—KATHERINE A. TINGLEY.

WITH this issue *The Internationalist* adopts a more definite title, and opens a new chapter of its life. Devoted from the first to the service of the spirit of brotherhood among men, it now takes a further step and becomes an organ of Universal Brotherhood, the formal association of some thousands of men and women who accept, and work for the recognition of, the fact implied by the name. THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST is, therefore, pledged to the furtherance of the plans for the help of humanity, foreshadowed by H. P. Blavatsky, developed by W. Q. Judge, and now completed by Katherine A. Tingley. It has no dogmas to impose, and in its columns will be found the thought of all who work for brotherhood from any standpoint.

Many and many a time in recorded history has some great soul called together the few who would listen, and unfolded to them a new ideal—the ideal of the perfect man; perfect by reason of compassion, made perfect only by growth of compassion in his soul. And always heretofore the group thus summoned has failed. There are many paths by which the soul can find growth, many ways of work in which it can show its growth. The soul is at least dual in action; it can feel for, work for, and centre its interests upon, itself; or it can feel for, work for, and centre its interests upon the whole of humanity in widening circles. Along the first path it can develop many powers; along the second only can it attain the final vision, the final key to the inner

chamber whence all life emerges. Yet if even that be a motive, "*that I may attain*," there can only be failure. That activity of the soul which is compassion; the seeking of that place in the soul where are felt the sorrows, the joys, the needs, of all men, and whence comes the impulse to share, to help, to do good, that is the path. And to this path the greater among men have always summoned the few who would listen. To these "greater" belong the almost utterly misunderstood three whom we have named. Each took up in turn the world-old task, and at last, perhaps, there is chance of success. Universal Brotherhood speaks of no creed, imposes no limit. It even demands no necessary work save the conscious and constant cultivation by each in himself of the sentiment of brotherhood. That of itself will prescribe the work, and will bring the prophetic surety of a happier and wiser race. The consciousness of brotherhood is dawning everywhere. We appeal to all who feel it in themselves to make known their inner light, to proclaim for the help of others their hope, their faith, their love.

The ranks of Universal Brotherhood fill day by day. Named and formed by Katherine A. Tingley at Chicago on the eighteenth of February of this year, it arose upon foundations laid through the last twenty-three years by the Theosophical Society in its work for human brotherhood. Its objects, beyond that expressed by its name, are the dissemination of all knowledge and literature that may cause the life of men to be more wisely lived, and the helping of all toward the evolution of the diviner part of their nature. So its appeal is to all of every and of no creed who will work to the furtherance of human brotherhood. The aim of its leader and founder is to call to work all who are strong enough to throw away all thought of their individual growth and progress, and to rely, as their sole sustainer in action, upon their love of men, their sense of unity with men, their readiness to share all burdens. Holding to such an ideal against all failures—for human nature is yet weak—failure ceases to warrant its name. Each grows in strength by the strength of the others, and from this golden centre, every way radiating, humanity will at last find its redemption.

SÆCLORUM NASCITUR ORDO.

UNDOUBTEDLY something of which few of us are aware has happened during the passage of humanity through this period, at the entrance to which stood the squat figure of David Hume, demanding of each man what he had carried with him so far, the clue of tradition. An almost universal break with the past has left us in a situation in which we must look for one of our number to take the next confident step. A period of passive culture has come to an end: it now remains to be seen whether humanity is still capable of evolving anything answering to the magnificent moral and religious conceptions of the ancients, or of affirming them independently. A Newman or a Lacordaire, with an abnormally developed historic sense, may dream themselves back into the first century of our era, but the rest of us cannot afford to stifle the homely intuitions of commonsense: we believe, but our belief, which concerns the things of yesterday, has hardly the value of our shrewdness and scepticism, which concern the things of to-day. The sun that shall rise to-day will be the same that shone yesterday, but yesterday's sun will not warm us. Are we then to call this cold light of reason, to which all things are subjected, the grey dawn of a new epoch? The moon of theology, turned toward the distant illumination of a revealed truth, is sunk out of our sky, or lies there like a pale wisp of cloud which nobody notices—is it that the sun is rising? Shall we call our arts the dreams of a night? When we are cold, it is noticeable that we hardly believe in warmth, and in like manner we are disheartened because, in this cold light of science, we can discern no possibility beyond a wire-pulled existence to-day and an annihilation to-morrow. Is it for this that Hume roused us from our dogmatic slumbers? The world lies like a log till a few individuals start up with the conviction that this age has as good a right to live and rejoice as any preceding one, and that the pain of renunciation is momentary. Already there have been optimists amongst us, men with matutinal thoughts, sons of the morning, whose faith is not reminiscent but actual, and who look rather to the things which are before than to the things which are behind. The time is at hand when the test of every man's faith will be no longer his opinion of what has occurred in the past, but the truth which he can affirm out of his own nature.

For who does not feel that to make truth entirely objective, as positive science does, is to imply that everything in the universe is instinct with a meaning but man: that this aspiring, suffering and good

humanity is nothing but a mirror contrived to reflect the shows and harmonies of the sensible world? And yet what else, it may be asked, can we pretend to be? "*Der Gott*," sings Goethe, "*der mir im Busen wohnt, Der kann nach aussen nichts bewegen*." Physical science might seem to have some advantage over literature in this respect, but doubtless nature feels no more virtue go out of it in our electric telegraphy and kinematographs than Niagara in a mill-race: nay, if the whole stream were converted to use, Niagara would be Niagara still. The career of Napoleon suggests power, but not a power which reflects any new honour on human nature: he is but the biggest wave of human passion rolling highest and furthest. He had will-power, brain-power, dæmonic power, but no power to reveal the issues of life and death. We are moral agents, perhaps? but science can give you a disheartening theory of morals. It is religion which has made the daring attempt to give a meaning to life. Religion is the guardian of intuition, the sanction of enthusiasm, the refuge of virtue. Religion decides what is the essential part of man's nature, and addresses itself thereto. Religion provides life with a motive, and makes it possible that every action shall be a choice. It is the doctrine of the potentiality of the individual which enables man to confront without dismay the objective infinity disclosed to science, and which encourages meditation, without which life is all on the outside. But religion is dead. At least we must concede to Renan and Voltaire that testimony is not experience, and that an historical faith has a prevaricating ally in reason. We can hardly now think ourselves less entitled to an original relation to the first cause than the Hindus or the Jews. To tell the truth, it was the admirable Darwin who in a manner forced on us that definite break with the past for which our posterity will bless or curse us. Galileo, Kepler, Newton, had made the egoism of this little planet sufficiently ridiculous; but this enlightened humility was not unfavourable to the religious instinct; the dignity of man stood unimpaired; and Kant, the last of the giant brood of dreamers, could still subsist and breathe a larger air within the subjective stronghold of pure cognition. That soaring endowment which we still call genius had hitherto supported lonely speculators to the plane of vision, but it was evident that this plane inclined nearer and nearer to the level of ordinary intelligence, or that ordinary intelligence was gradually rising to that altitude, and that the two must sooner or later intersect. The point where this actually happened is marked by the appearance of the evolutionary philosophy, which solves in the region of fact and commonsense the problem which had excused by its very existence all kinds of preten-

sions of thaumaturgists. It finds the cause in the plane of the effect. It cuts the ground from under the feet of metaphysics. This blaze of commonsense puts out the stars; and as with the heavenly lights, so with the once luminous names of poets and mystics, which are seen now, as when you light a match to examine a glow-worm, to be so many prurient egoisms, each engaged on an affair of his own, and no more sidereal than the rest of his grubbing kindred. Of the thaumaturguses and thaumaturgists of past and present times, the least said the better: we can only say that it will not occur again. He will be a clever thaumaturgus who will do anything with the eyes of the evolutionary philosophers on him. Genius comes under some suspicion as being thaumaturgist in tendency: genius is obscurantist and reactionary and in need of a course of mathematics. Evolution knows nothing of exceptional temperaments, such as geniuses have hitherto been, or of dreamers who cry with Keats:

"O for an age
Where I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy commonsense!"

It knows only of householders and shareholders who ride the central flood of evolutionary tendency, blown along by soft gales of natural selection, "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," upon whom the whence, why and whither press not too exclusively, and who watch with pity or amusement such of their number as weary of cooped-up ignorance and leap into the flood to climb a high mountain or set foot on something more solid than life itself. If evolution takes cognizance of these at all it is as the naturally rejected. Precisely so. The claim for the individual, which explains life, is made with highest authority by those who have resigned their stake in natural selection. The meaning of life is made manifest in those lives which evolution has thrust out of the way as having no meaning.

Yes, there would seem to be a law by which one in whom any portion of the music, of the rhythm, of the meaning of nature is incarnated is liable to some hostility and revenge of nature. Look only at the literary histories of the nations, which this century has been able to write, or at the lives of musicians, and you will find that it is the exceptional temperaments, the naturally rejected, the madmen and fools and children, or else those who have been capable of a moral renunciation, from whom redounds to the mass of men a perception of the meaning, the mystery, the beauty of life. These men, either by enforced or self-imposed limitations, have achieved the ideas which

slowly transform and modify the thoughts of men. The intellectual consciousnesses of those "great coteries called nations" are derived and fed from the experience of eccentrics. The individual cannot be transformed by education or government, but education and government must continually yield to the intuitions of the individual. What explanation is there of this but that individuality is the gateway to a higher reality? What limit is here imposed on hope? Who will call him a pessimist who refuses consideration to popular institutions and politics, while his thought feeds the springs of change and renovation? It is great to move in the world of action, to be a champion of progress, a tree from whose boughs men gather fruit, but it is greater, it can less be dispensed with, that here and there one should heed nothing but the promptings of his inmost nature. Where such have been wanting the great actors have hardened into monsters of iniquity, bloodless dilettanti, moral fixtured, no longer free avenues and intermediaries between wisdom and universal well-being.

Heed not the Why, said Goethe, but the How: excellent advice to an age which thought that the Why could be answered as the How. It is, however, too much to say that man has no interest in the Why. An interest in the How, eulogized by Renan as "*la grande curiosité*," is our normal interest, preëminently characteristic of these times, the interest in which books and discussion will help us, in the plane of which our conversation expatiates; it multiplies appliances and conveniences in which life abounds; perhaps we can see the beginnings of it at the Zoological Gardens in the mimetic propensities of the anthropoid apes. Towards the Why no attitude of bold interrogation is befitting. It is at our peril we make it an intellectual question. He knows why who does not ask it; the answer is a reward and visitation, and discriminates between the bad and the good. We should feel that it is there and not trouble ourselves. Perhaps we have enough to justify us in the belief that a glimpse into it is that which constitutes ecstasy and heaven. It is no doubt your knowledge How which will give you your chance of being naturally selected; and it is well that the greatest Israelite of us should have some dexterity, if only tent-making or lens-grinding or music-copying, sufficient to make his leisure respected by the rate-payers. But search any man close enough and you will find that it the Why which is his hope or his despair. A man is an optimist or a pessimist according as he believes or disbelieves in the capacity of humanity to add another word to the answer.

JOHN EGLINTON.

DAWN.

SUMMER had taken a lingering farewell, and the life of the drooping leaves in the woodlands ebbed slowly away. But the unseen presence of autumn slowly approached. Her magic breath tinged with glory the forsaken leaves, and she tenderly weaved over them a mantle of gold and red and bronze. Through the woodlands a winding pathway led to a secluded and lonely glade. The branches of the trees intertwined overhead, and through them the morning sun shone brightly, transforming the withered leaves into shining golden flakes as they fluttered to the ground.

There a woman paced to and fro. Suddenly she raised her arms as if in mute appeal to the swaying boughs above her, then stood with breath stilled and eyes intent. As from afar came a voice sternly rebuking. "Dost thou hope to gain victory in times of peace? Dost thou hope to be a conqueror of life's mighty waters while sailing on a tranquil lake? The victor's crown is won in battle. Thou must steer and guide thy bark on troubled waves, with calmness as a beacon-light and courage as a helm."

The woman stood with bowed head, then with a look of despair on her pale face, she walked towards one of the trees and leaning against it remained motionless. Now and again around her fell a withered leaf. Hush, hush! The quivering soul sways in anguish. Hush, hush, ye fluttering leaves, be still! Over her head is a bud of light struggling to open its petals. Its leaves slowly unfold. Its fragrance wafts a cooling breeze, and peace gently falls.

* * * * *

A circle of golden mist obscured with its dazzling light all else that lay beyond. Near her stood a marvellous green font of crystalline transparency. Awed and entranced she gazed, for softly from its beauty there rippled in continuous radiations a wondrous joy, and in her heart was the tremulous flow of awakening spring. Bending over it she gazed into its clear waters, then stooped and drank a deep draught. And lo! she stood a glorious being in whose eyes burned the steady flame of eternal youth. The golden mist lifted its shining veil.

Far, far in the past she saw herself—a dreamlike self—joyous with the happy freedom of youthful hope and trust. Ideals, untried by experience, clouded her vision on life. Slowly shadows crept across her path. Startled and surprised she anxiously tried to thrust them aside,

but thick and fast they fell. Her despairing cry arose to the heavens. Her shattered ideals lay in burning fragments in her bleeding heart. Hope and trust faded from her eyes. But while the anguish pierced and wounded, far above a star appeared, growing brighter, shedding at times a soft ray which softened the wounds and brightened the weariness and gloom. Again the shadows fell, making more dense the darkness.

Yet onward came the dream-form, through despair, hope, joy, and grief, swaying this way and that, ever onward, following unknowingly the light from the star above.

A bright ray pierced the gloom, and the shadows disappeared as mist in a sunbeam. The dream-form stood bathed in a soft glow of light. Hope and trust once more dawned in her eyes. Courage, brave dream-form. On the horizon appeared a cloud black as night, rolling like a mighty wave. Nearer, nearer. It wraps the dream-form in its mighty folds.

Forms swarmed around her, peering from the blackness with mocking eyes. The light from the star shone dim, fainter, fainter, all grew dark.

The mocking shapes faded away. Beautiful forms appeared offering gifts of joy, love, and happiness. With her hand she waved them aside, and overcome with weariness stumbled and fell. All was still in a great silence.

Suddenly a faint light glimmered through the darkness. A spark in the heart of the dream-form.

With lightning swiftness there burst from the star above a shaft of flame. Through the gloom it flashed, and kindled the faint spark into a brighter glow. A glittering thing lay by her side. A shining sword. Grasping it the dream-form arose, and stood with head erect, majestic.

The light shone from her heart, and as it fell on the forms in the blackness they shrank away. Sometimes with greater courage they returned, and as they approached the light from her heart ran like lightning along the uplifted sword, burst into tongues of flame, and darted like arrows encircling the forms of her foes, and as they darted here and there soft music filled the air. Onward, onward came the dream-form, the dark shapes ever approaching, the flames ever flying from the sword.

Lo, the darkness is vanquished, the gloom is lost in the light from the darting flames. The bright star above her paled; it disappeared. The light from the darting flames grows brighter, brighter. It breaks into a dazzling radiance.

The star and the dream-self are one in its glorious depths. All vanished in a triumphant volume of music and song.

The golden mist dropped its shining veil.

* * * * *

Some withered leaves fell, and as they rustled to the ground the woman raised her head with eyes filled with wondrous depths.

But slowly memory returned, with its quivering arrows awakening the anguish in her heart. The bell-like voice again fell on her ears. "The fleeting thou must leave behind if thou art to become and know that which thou hast now been. By aspiration thou shalt draw into thy being a breath of the changeless from the brilliant star ever shining above thee. Through its rays thou shalt see the beautiful. Sometimes a radiance will descend on thee and thou shalt feel its peace. The radiance will fade; only a memory shalt thou keep. Listen well and remember. Hold fast even to the shadow of its memory. Be strong, be true in the darkness. Only in the darkness can *thy* star begin to shine." The voice grew faint. All is silent.

Hush! music falls softly on the air. Something white is gleaming in the distance. A white bird. A white bird with plumage like sunlit snows. Swiftly it flies on motionless wing. Lo, it comes! It nestles in her heart.

A. P. D.

THE BAYREUTH MASTER.

(Continued from "*The Internationalist*," p. 111.)

APPLYING this lofty conception of the true function of a king, or leader, to Parsifal—who, as we know, became king over the knights of the Grail—we are at once lifted into a region far above the normal conception held by mankind of such an office, and begin to catch glimpses of an ideal state of things which, as Wagner says, already exists, only needing to be brought into active manifestation by the "devotion, loyalty, and trust" of a body of people who can surely be found. Is it too much to hope that such a body of "knights" already exists? Wagner speaks with no uncertain note; he speaks as one who *knows*, as one who had the vision of that certain future, the elements for the building of which already exist.

It is hardly necessary, I think, to in any way touch upon the performances of other dramas at Bayreuth, seeing that they can all be seen elsewhere, and equally well—if not better, so it is said—performed. Of the *Ring* Wagner says that it rolls "like a mystic web of

destiny encompassing a world"; and truly it contains the whole tragedy and final redemption of the soul. To such an extent is this indicated, and so marvellous is its unfoldment, that the mind is unable to grasp even the half of all that the Master would teach, in one, two, or even twenty, performances. It is the most magnificent illustration of the inevitable action of the great law of cause and effect operating throughout the manifesting universe, that it is possible to conceive. Man—puny man—is seen struggling in the grip of inexorable law, so well expressed in the well-known lines:

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

True also is it that this stupendous drama has, as one of its most salient features, a heart-stirring lesson on the misuse of the divine creative power. This is wrapped up in the symbology of the gold, stolen from the depths of the Rhine, and welded into the ring which brings a curse on all who possess it. It is indeed an embodied "Finger of Fate!"

Before leaving the subject of the dramas I should like to express the deep sense left upon my mind of the utter inadequacy of ordinary operatic training to evolve an actor capable of sympathetically portraying any one of the great characters in the Wagner *répertoire*. The methods ordinarily cultivated and used are not only inappropriate, but even disturbing. For the invariable employment, throughout the later dramas, of what Wagner called "tone-speech," completely baffles the capacity, no less than the understanding, of the artist trained in ordinary conventional methods.

Turning now to the man himself, we find in him not only the fully developed musician, but poet, reformer, philosopher, and, above all, mystic. His remarkable musical genius of course attracted the attention of all, as musical art in Germany had attained its highest development at that time, but it should never be forgotten that Wagner's genius shone out quite as conspicuously as dramatist and poet. Of himself he writes:

"Henceforward, with all my dramatic works, I was in the first instance *poet*, and only in the complete working-out of the poem did I become once more musician. Only, I was a poet who was conscious in advance of the faculty of *musical* expression for the working-out of his poems."*

* *Prose Works*, Vol. I, "A Communication to my Friends."

Another very natural cause of the prominence given to the development of his musical genius, by the general public, is the fact, to which Wagner himself drew attention, that *music is a universal language*; and a very simple illustration will convince us of the truth of this statement. Let a man attend a lecture on music, given in some language he does not understand—let us say German—how much benefit will he reap from the most strenuous efforts of the lecturer? But let that same lecturer sit down to the piano, and give a rendering of some of the beautiful music of his country! What a change takes place in the consciousness of the listener—at once he understands. A language is being used which speaks to his heart, and although adequate intellectual appreciation of the masterpiece may be lacking, the vibrations of it appeal sympathetically to his heart, to a consciousness the foundations of which lie much deeper than those of the brain-mind.

To those who are students of the prose works of Richard Wagner, so admirably translated by Mr. Ashton Ellis, it becomes abundantly clear that even as a philosopher and mystic he towered head and shoulders above most of his day and generation. With these aspects of his work, however, I will not now deal; but for the present call attention to the wonderful combination of arts in Wagner—a combination which enabled him to carry on the work already indicated by Beethoven in his last great symphony (the 9th). It will be remembered how, towards the end of that masterpiece of tone-writing, Beethoven seems to burst into song, not only from the fulness of his heart, but as though driven by an inner necessity which impelled him to find expression in speech as well as tone. Wagner, who all his life entertained the deepest and most reverential feelings of love and admiration for Beethoven and his work, thus expresses himself on this point:

“This Word was . . . the necessary, all-powerful, and all-uniting word into which the full torrent of the heart's emotions may pour its stream; . . . the word that the redeemed world-man cries out aloud from the fulness of the world-heart. This was the word which Beethoven set as crown upon the forehead of his tone-creation, and this word was, ‘*Frende!*’ (‘rejoice’). With this word he cries to men: ‘*Breast to breast, ye mortal millions! This one kiss to all the world!*’—and this word will be the language of the art-work of the future.

“The last symphony of Beethoven is the redemption of music out of her own peculiar element into the realm of *universal art*. It is the human evangel of the art of the future. Beyond it no forward step is possible; for upon it the perfect art-work of the future alone can

follow, the *universal drama*, to which Beethoven has forged for us the key." *

This "art-work of the future" was the herculean task to which Wagner addressed himself. How, and with what measure of success, he accomplished it, future generations alone will be able to determine; for it is but by the minority, as yet, that this great teacher is at all adequately understood or appreciated. He had a most serious and exalted conception of the true nature of the great work he felt himself called upon to accomplish, as the following will show. He writes:

"The artist has the power of seeing beforehand the joys of a world as yet unborn, through the stress of his desire for growth. But his joy is in imparting. . . . So finds he, too, the hearts, ay, finds the senses, to whom he can impart his message. We are *older* men and *younger*: let the elder not think of himself, but love the younger for the sake of the bequest he sinks into his heart for new increasing,—the day will come when that heirloom shall be opened for the weal of brother-men throughout the world." †

Ever and always did this great genius think of, strive and work, for others; for those future generations, "as yet unborn"; and in spite of his encountering, "for nearly half a century, the bitterest opposition that ever obstructed the path of genius," as a sympathetic critic has written, he yet pursued his self-appointed and sublime task; for his was that love and faith in humanity and its divine possibilities that supported him under the most crushing trials and the bitterest disappointments. As he once wrote: "I work for those who are awakening."

ALICE L. CLEATHER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WEAVING OF THE ROBE.

TO EVERY nation there comes a time when it realizes its ideals and wields to the utmost its power for good or evil. This is the golden age of art and literature and civilization, for the Genius of the nation puts on, as it were, her coronation robes and stands forth in all the regal splendour she will ever have. So triumphant in some instances has been this standing forth, and so marvellously beautiful the robe, that for sake of it the world has cried out in admiration, and echoes of the plaudits have reached even to our ears. We can fancy how the mystic symbols must have glowed in Egypt's robe of queenship ere the dusk

* *Prose Works*, Vol. I, "Art-work of the Future."

† *Prose Works*, Vol. II, "Poetry and Tone in Drama of Future."

of ages hid them, dimming the shining folds; how radiant were the jewel-tints in that dazzling mantle which Greece drew round her when the beauty and wisdom of the world were hers, and how lurid the crimson splendour of Rome's imperial purple, stiff with gems and barbaric gold. Strange robes whose every thread was a life! Priceless, magical robes, woven of love and hate, of sorrow and fear and delight! Tirelessly through long centuries were they woven, and tirelessly the nations of the earth are weaving others to-day.

What of the robe our own country must wear; shall it too be royal in its far-shining beauty, cunningly fashioned, decked with jewels of price? We ask ourselves what work has already gone to the making of it, and our thoughts travel back to the enchanted, beautiful Ireland of long ago. We see the fire fountains flash and fall in a mist of opal splendour while the druids trace their magic circles, slowly chanting as they move from right to left with arms uplifted. We see the heroes: Cuchulain weeping over the dead Fardia—Fardia, who had forgotten their friendship; Finn, his mighty spear laid aside, listening to the song of the blackbird and the laughter of the waterfall, or watching with glad eyes "the heath spreading out its long hair and the weak pale bog-cotton" swaying with every breath of wind; Columkille pleading for a nation; Brian of the Tributes, king and poet; the boy chief Red Hugh, with a face like the sunshine; the great O'Neill—but they crowd too fast on us, "white brows lit up with glory," wearing the laurels of victory, the poet's bays, or the martyr's crown of defeat.

These, and millions of nameless others, have done their share of the work, ceaselessly, patiently weaving through days of golden calm and nights of tempest-fury and despair. The web comes down to us bright with all their dreams of beauty, rich with the spoils of their wisdom, deep-stained, alas! with their crimes; and since they were more often vanquished than victorious, its mark of royalty is not the red-purple of conquest but the deep violet of suffering—the colour men put in the robes of their saints. The web comes down to us and there is no exemption from this weaving, for every thought, every word, every deed of ours helps or hinders the progress of our country. Let us cast, then, all slavish fear, all mean suspicions, all party rancour, from our hearts, and resolve to be true to the best that is in us; so shall we perceive the hidden beauty and nobility in others, and our part of the robe will be worthy the queen who must wear it. This is no slight thing to us if, as a poet has said:

"We have all bowed low and low and kissed the quiet feet,
Of Kathleen the daughter of Hoolihan."

Kathleen is none other than Eiré of the Kings, and surely to each of us, for one moment in a lifetime, there has come a vision of the Star of the West; we have seen the beauty of those immortal eyes which the slow-dropping tears of centuries could not dim; we have heard the voices that spoke of old to bards and heroes; we have crowned her, Eiré of the Kings, Eiré of the Sorrows, Eiré the Well-beloved, and our hearts have throbbed with an exultant thought of the glory that shall be hers.

For sake of this vision men have thrown away life and lands, holding nothing dear; they have clung to it when defeated, exiled, enslaved, and not vainly have they dreamed it, for Eiré shall yet take to herself a glory greater than the heroes sought for her, greater than the poets promised her, greater even than the seers foresaw, though they beheld her,

“Star-crowned, victory-compelling, girt with a beauty immortal.”

ISLA OGE.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE PAPERS.—I.

To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling, and their true position in life.

IN this paper I mean by “calling” the method by which a man earns his living, whether he selected it himself or had it imposed upon him, and I leave out of consideration those occupations which are pursued in conscious violation of the moral law.

All callings are necessarily ennobling, that is, tend to broaden and strengthen character. That proposition is implied by the first object of the League, and it is this which we have to think out that we may teach it. And it is the naturally successive proposition that all callings may be greatly enhanced in their educative value by their pursuit in the right spirit. What the right spirit is, is part of our inquiry.

Some callings seem obviously useful, such as that of teacher; others appear useless, such as that of bonbon manufacturer. Is this latter a *noble* calling? Between the extremes of supreme usefulness and uselessness lie all grades.

But let us go slowly. Suppose that the eating of bonbons is injurious. Yet it may happen that to take service with a bonbon maker is the only chance presenting itself to a given man of earning his living. It follows that the conditions of society at that moment constitute a force compelling that man to take that employment. And this is true of the vast majority of mankind in relation to their em-

ployments. Though, therefore, the adoption of the habit of bonbon eating need not have occurred, once that it *has* occurred it necessitates the life-occupation of a number of men. Given, as cause, the bonbon-eating of A, B, and C, the effect is the compulsory occupation of D in bonbon-making. This is as much beyond the control of D as is the storm which loosens his roof and compels him to mend it. Our proposition, therefore, is that whatever falls to a man's hands as necessary to be done, will, in the doing, develop some part of his nature, and will do this the more fully the more the work is done conscientiously as an act of loving service to a law which the worker did not himself set going, and for whose effects he is therefore not himself responsible.

As in this instance, so in others. The actions of other men, their wishes, wants and tastes, impose necessities of work upon us and condition it, in the same way as the having of a body imposes necessities of work upon us in clothing and feeding it. We are surrounded by an immense number of forces which we have to obey and conform to; all the forces of nature, in fact, as well as the aforesaid forces set in motion upon us by our fellows. As far as each individual is concerned the forces that arise from the wants and whims and thoughts of his fellows are as much outside himself in origin and power of control as the direction of the wind.

Our proposition is that *all* the forces that play upon a man and compel action are educative to him. The relation of effect to its cause is said to be "mechanical," because invariable. Yet because each effect stands related thus absolutely to each cause, and because the whole history of the universe is a chain of causes and effects, the stone became the plant, the plant the animal, the animal the man, the man the god. Causes and their effects run through all the planes of being, and are equally mechanical and spiritual. A bicycle slips on a wet road and breaks the thigh of the rider. "Mechanical" truly, but in the next six weeks he learns the lesson of endurance of pain, has time to think as never before, and is never again the same in soul. Spiritual effects of a mechanical cause. The man can sympathize as he never could before; he can endure pain; he can think. Every change or movement in any part of man and the universe, spiritual, psychic, mental, vital, mechanical, is due to a cause, and that cause is in its turn the effect of a previous cause. And the same effect follows the same cause always. Since the universe began, a myriad interlaced chains of causes and effects have run on to now, are still running. Among other links in these chains, among other effects of all the previous causes, is the awakening of man to-day to the consciousness of himself as a soul,

to brotherhood, to knowledge of his immortality, to knowledge that pain follows upon sin and animalism, and pleasure and wisdom upon self-control and unselfishness. The law, therefore, that such effects follow such causes as they do, and have, and will, has had the noblest and divinest results. The "hard and mechanical link" of effect to cause turns out to be of gold, eternally beneficent, producer of the highest good, shining with love. We can set going what causes we will; the fixed effect follows as a benediction, if we look far enough. It is because of A that B has happened; necessitates C, and C, D. Z is the perfect man in divine consciousness. A is the first stir in the primal ether; without it and without the "mechanical" ordered succession there had been no Z. All that happens moves to a divine result. The voluntary bonbon-eating (generically) will some time have its effects, pain, educative, curative, like all sensuality, leading to self-control; leading to power and freedom and pleasure. The enforced bonbon-making is also part of the chain, and the worker may rest assured that the links run on to the divine, run through the dark, a darkness that may be lit by well-based faith, to the perfect future. Let each man therefore rest assured that his life is in the hands of a law which moves to good. That he has to work in this or that manner is the effect of causes not in his control, and in doing his work perfectly and reverently "unto the Law" he is serving the divine power which throughout all the universe ordains that this effect and no other shall follow this cause, the whole chain leading at last to perfect peace and perfect growth of all men. The works called low, equally with the works called high, are links in the great chain, and the whole universe will be quickened by the well-doing of both alike.

Nature exists to evolve man; having now evolved him, she works further to broaden, deepen, and ennoble his character. She works by means of an immense succession of events or happenings, each the effect of all that went before, and so related as to bring forth good in the end. She would have taken a shorter path had it not been that man, who had attained free-will, did evil, used that will to introduce evil happenings into the chain, not otherwise in the programme. These had to have their effects, pain, and by this pain she sweeps man back again into the line of her march to good. Let a man, therefore, accept reverently the happenings he did not cause, the work that comes to his hand, equally with those which he did cause, for, causes once set going, their effects march to good. So all callings are ennobling, whether chosen or imposed. If chosen, they are effects of our own causing; if imposed, effects of causes arising beyond our will. To do *any* work

badly is to delay the march of nature; to do it well is to worthily weld that much of the chain with the fewest links. And if a man, having learned all this, assumes the work of teaching it to his fellows, he is the more abundantly helping nature, for those whom he teaches shorten other of the chains in like manner by perfect and happy performance of their duties. In so doing he has made himself a part of the force of nature, which by means of its apparatus of cause and effect is a teaching or evolutive force. "The Lord" is the great causer, knowing that the responsive effect in nature will bring about the growth of soul in men, and nature accepts, if unwillingly, the smaller causes set in motion by men, harmonizing them too, by her adjusted effects, into means of growth. But man can join with the primal cause and aid nature in training souls. Those who do this assume the highest calling, often voluntarily assumed in addition to the imposed one. All compelling circumstances must be educative, since they are part of nature's chain which ultimates in perfected man. A compelling circumstance is indeed an angel to be gladly worshipped.

So nature moves toward the good of all her creatures, and though each step, each group of steps, is dark, we can see and rejoice in the majestic trend of the whole path. We can see that it makes for good, and, seeing that, we can take hope, and give hope to all who suffer through the long darkness.

HERBERT CORYN.

[NOTE.—The International Brotherhood League is one of the branches of activity of Universal Brotherhood, and the above paper deals with the first of its seven objects.—EDS.]

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT.

FROM "THE PATH," AUGUST, 1895.

"A GREAT difference exists between the Theosophical Movement, which is continuous, and any Theosophical Society. The Movement is moral, ethical, spiritual, universal, invisible save in effect. A Society formed for theosophical work is a machine for conserving energy and putting it to use. . . . Organized theosophical bodies are made by men for their better coöperation, but being outer shells they must change from time to time as human defects come out, as the times change, and as the great underlying spiritual movement compels such alterations. . . . To worship an organization, even though it be the beloved theosophical one, is to fall down before form, and to become the slave once more of that . . . which the T. S. was meant to

overthrow. Some members have worshipped the so-called "Theosophical Society," thinking it to be all in all, and not properly perceiving its *de facto* and piecemeal character as an organization. . . . H. P. Blavatsky herself declared that it were better to do away with the Society rather than to destroy brotherhood. . . . We have not changed the work of H. P. B., but enlarged it. . . . It is not Theosophy nor conducive to its spread to make legal claims to theosophical names, symbols, and seals, so as to prevent if possible others from using them. . . . Those who do not know true Theosophy, nor see the difference between forms and the soul of things, will continue to worship form and to sacrifice brotherhood to a shell."

W. Q. JUDGE.

REPORT OF AMERICAN CONVENTION.

THE Convention of the T. S. A. at Chicago, on February 18th, was one of a unique character in every respect. It presented a magnificent spectacle to the eye-witness, and seemed like the repetition of some old historic fight for freedom. The business details will soon reach all in the form of a report. I will deal only with one or two features of interest

After the Convention was in proper form, and that valiant old soldier of our good cause, Brother A. A. Purman, of Fort Wayne, was appointed permanent chairman, a Resolution Committee of thirteen was appointed, with power to add to their number. After they met and pursued their deliberations for some little time Mr. Neresheimer went before the Convention and called for additions to the number of the Committee to consider important matters on their hands. When settled down the Committee was composed of forty-one members from different parts of the country. This representative body considered carefully the Resolutions, Proclamation, and Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in America Constitution, as printed in *The Crusader*, and decided unanimously to present the same to Convention for adoption. This was done with the result that 290 voted for, and 24 against the resolutions. The session was a prolonged one, lasting from ten till two, and a motion was made to adjourn till next morning at nine o'clock. Since the Convention an effort has been made to show that the Resolution Committee was not unanimous, but that is contrary to fact. Judge McBride spoke entirely out of order on a motion passed unanimously, and was given permission to speak as a matter of privilege. He made it clear that he was not dissenting from the statement of the Chair that it had been unanimously decided to present resolutions to Convention for adoption, and neither he nor Dr. Buck raised

any dissenting voice when the statement was made to Convention. The overwhelming majority of the Convention wished Mrs. Tingley's suggestions accepted without discussion, and the few who made up the minority were naturally disappointed. Although they were aware that Convention was to meet again next morning they immediately met and organized themselves as the "Theosophical Society in America," electing officers, etc. This separated action was therefore quite illegal. No alterations or amendments were made in the old T. S. A. Constitution, but a new structure raised over the old embracing it all. Consequently the two months' notice required by the Constitution was not necessary. The Boston Convention in 1895 practically established the precedent, and those who now talk of illegality endorsed similar action then. The action taken at Convention was legal in every respect.

On the morning of the 19th none of the small minority appeared except Dr. Buck, who was asked to speak and was given a full hearing. He raised no protest against what had been done the previous day, but bid a sort of farewell to the T. S.

The whole opposition was singularly ill-based. How peculiar it would be if, of all those who stood with W. Q. Judge, only about fifty remained on the right lines! Of this fifty, one, a young man, publicly claims to be "directed" to oppose the woman through whom comes the very life of the movement, its leader and sustainer, and unfortunately he has a small following who believe in him personally. History keeps repeating itself all along the line, but the right prevails. We have entered on broader lines than ever. Already the wisdom of the step is seen by all. New members are flocking in. We have a great leader and we know it, and are not afraid to publicly declare it.

Every one, of course, preserves the same liberty of opinion as before, but as they say in this expressive country, no one can any longer "monkey" with the organization. The victory has been beyond hope. Never was there such a feeling of comradeship in any Convention I have ever attended. One touching incident was the presentation of a laurel wreath to Mrs. Tingley, who in turn dedicated it to Universal Brotherhood.

We are now in the year one of Universal Brotherhood, having entered the new cycle with flying colours and with more certainty of success along every line than ever before. We can appeal now on the broadest lines to everyone, can offer work and comradeship to everyone, and, standing closer together than ever before, in all countries, we can move onward with all humanity into the unlimited promise of the future.

D. N. DUNLOP.

NOTES.

No ONE who proposes to keep abreast of the doings of Universal Brotherhood in all its activities will fail to take in and read *The New Century*, edited by Katherine A. Tingley, and to be obtained for 9s. per annum from 144 Madison Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

Much help can thus be got as to the methods of work in Lotus Circles and in the International Brotherhood League, and much information as to every department of our work throughout the world.

* * *

The change in name of this magazine from *The Internationalist* to THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST has been made by the editors with the view of helping forward the Theosophical Literary Department of Universal Brotherhood, and they hope that the I. T. will receive the hearty support of all who are in sympathy with the movement.

* * *

The agent for America of THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHIST is Mr. D. N. Dunlop, *New Century* Office, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

* * *

The English-speaking races govern themselves by majority-vote. Majority-vote, given subsequently, can ratify, and thus make legal, acts which would otherwise be or have remained illegal; "illegal" meaning opposed to a previous actual or tacit majority-vote.

* * *

The property of an association belongs to its majority, and remains so provided that majority adhere to the principle for which the association was made, and according to which the property was amassed.

* * *

If a minority, though adhering to the primary principle, separates from the majority, or is separated from, and claims proportionate or any share of the property, then every *unit* who thus separates may do likewise, which is absurd.

* * *

The principle underlying the T. S., and to promote which its property was heaped up, is that of brotherhood. The acts of all majorities which adhere to this principle are therefore legal, and subsequent majority-vote makes any previous action legal, which, not having then been that of the majority would have remained illegal.

* * *

The majority of the T. S. can, if adhering to the primary object, the promotion of brotherhood, therefore effect any changes in Constitution, and make any previously illegal (until ratified) changes, legal, retaining all property.

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